

BEYOND THE STARS

P S

3515
434B4
1912

JAMES E. HILKEY



Class PS 3515

Book I 434 B 4

Copyright N^o 1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

BEYOND THE STARS

JAMES E. HILKEY

44



RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

BOSTON

Copyright, 1912, by James E. Hilkey

All Rights Reserved

PG 3515
I 434 B4
1912

THE GORHAM PRESS BOSTON U. S. A.

\$1.00

© Cl. A328188

no 1.

BEYOND THE STARS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Beyond the Stars	7
King Midas	8
Death	11
To a Dead Child	12
"Lead Kindly Light"	14
To-morrow	15
The Parting of the Ways	16
"Just as I Am"	18
I Know	19
"It Might Have Been"	20
Transient Pleasure	21
Ashamed of Jesus	22
Christmas Thoughts	23
A True Hero	24
Mr. What's His Name	29
A Certain Cure	31
Abiding Hope	33
Perseverance	36
True Christmas Spirit	37
Procrastination	38
What Hast Thou in Which to Glory?	39
The Skeptic	40
Is Your Life a Blank?	42
Sweet Christmas Time	43

BEYOND THE STARS

The scientist with his telescope
Unfolds night's wondrous vault,
With farthest star he fain would cope,
But on the brink must halt;
For Infinite with boundless space
The finite vision bars;
But he who has the glass of faith
Can see beyond the stars.

If this great globe were made of gold
And set with pearls from pole to pole,
It still would be a price too small
To barter for a soul;
For clay in clay no poorer is
Than that which splendor mars,
Ignoble all but that which lives
To dwell beyond the stars.

Beyond the stars;—O wondrous thought!
And, yet, how little do we think;
We loiter oft by stagnant pools
And of their filthy waters drink:
Recoiling back to coward ranks,
As if ashamed of battle scars,
We fail to point lost wanderers
To realms beyond the stars.

By barren wastes and moss-grown rocks
We fritter time away,
Till winter at our temples knocks
And hoary frosts decay.
And yet a sea—a mighty sea—
Is rolling at our feet,
Whereon all who toil faithfully
Beyond the stars shall meet.

KING MIDAS

(Founded on Hawthorne's "Golden Touch")

King Midas had a greed for gold,
A greed he never had controlled—
 Burning, unquenchable;
A little girl his household graced
And in his heart her image placed,
 Forever there to dwell.

One day a man with beaming brow
Appeared and said, "King Midas, now
 Upon a wish decide;
And in the morn when I return
The greatest thing for which you yearn
 At once shall be supplied."

King Midas soon had formed a scheme
That would fulfill his wildest dream,
 And thus the young man told:
"No other thing I wish so much
As that the objects that I touch
 Shall quickly turn to gold."

King Midas tried his new-born power
And changed the face of every flower
 That in the garden grew;
For almost ere he touched the crown
It hung its golden blossom down,
 Careless of sun and dew.

But when the little girl runs out
To where this change was brought about,
 Weeping, she plucks a rose;
No perfume lies within its core,

She feels its soft embrace no more,
Its petals prick her nose.

No more she sees the velvet hues,
Caressed by breeze and kissed by dews,—
Nothing but yellow flowers,—
Flowers that mock their very names,
But "Beautiful" the king exclaims,
Elated with his powers.

But when the hour for dinner came,
The golden touch remained the same;
His food, or hot, or cold,
Was changed, his mouth the coffee burned,
For ere it reached his throat it turned,—
Turned into molten gold.

His daughter climbed upon his knee,
With balm of love to calm the sea
Of grief that round him rolled;
But at the touch of his embrace
The life lines hardened in her face;
She, too, had turned to gold!

Ah, then, upon his greedy soul,
As when the restless billows roll,
This thought came o'er and o'er:
That flesh and blood of human mold
Is worth far more than yellow gold—
Incomparably more!

Short-sighted man oft ne'er perceives
The worm among the summer leaves,
Until the leaves have died!
Store-rooms of wealth, what empty things!
How valueless the crowns of kings,
With life unsatisfied!

The message love alone can send,
The handgrasp of a tested friend,—
The kind that never fail;
The heart that joys when you rejoice
And lends to sympathy a voice:
These things are not for sale.

And when the canker blights the rose,
Yes, when the cup of life o'erflows
With wormwood and with gall,
Then sympathy, with fond caress,
Can take from tears their bitterness,
Though idle teardrops fall.

Now, he who keeps his heart in tune
And with sweet nature can commune,
With every grass-blade which
He finds along the trodden path,
And with great trees can talk and laugh,
O mark him well; he's rich!

As time goes on, our cares increase,
And yet the world is full of peace
Whene'er the curtain lifts;
And so, it seems, 'tis only right
That finite praise the Infinite
For all his precious gifts.

DEATH

O mighty Death, before thy name I pause;
Thy laws are as the Mede and Persian laws;
For poet and philosopher
Must totter in thy path,
The wisest sage cannot assuage
The venom of thy wrath.

Beauty nor grace can for a moment stand
Before the stern edicts of thy command;
A little while, they may beguile
The golden hours away,
But leper dust is not more vile
Than is the fairest clay!

To thee, O Death, O Warrior Death, to thee
Must potentates and powers bend the knee;
And conquerors of provinces
Shall at thy feet lie down
With them who, conquered, fawn and cringe
Before the victor's crown.

TO A DEAD CHILD

O uninhabitable house of clay!
Though outwardly thy walls are scarcely marred,
Thy occupant is gone, thy curtains drawn,
Thy gates and doors are all securely barred.

The shepherd Wind, that herds the fleecy clouds,
Is lulled to sleep upon the breast of night,
And birds and beasts and lonely forest groves
Await the morning light.

But thou, O cherub of mortality,
Art gone to sleep upon the breast of Death,
Leaving an almost perfect counterfeit
When ceased the pulse and breath.

The rarest tropic breeze is not more sweet,
Though with magnolia bloom it overflows;
Nor stars that sleep in placid pools more calm,
Than thee in thy repose.

Day softly breaks; the drowsy wind awakes
And whispers to the flowers o'er the lawn,
Then gently wakes the dreaming forest trees;
But thou still sleepest on.

The kine awake and seek the tender grass,
Far out beyond the bars and meadow lot,
And other beasts their favorite pursuits;
But thou awakest not.

The birds arise and carol back again
The memories of days almost forgot;
And page by page review the mouldy book;
But thou awakest not.

Thou wakest not, and yet thou sleepest not;
For that which was shall dream of pearl and
gold,
While that which is shall sleep a dreamless sleep,
Until the gates of life and death unfold.

“ LEAD KINDLY LIGHT ”

“Lead, kindly light,” I know not where to go;
The wisest sage cannot unveil my way;
O lead me on through darkness, rain and snow;
Earth’s sweetest calls I dare not long obey.
Temptation’s tempests rage without, O fortify my
soul;
Purge, purge my heart with living fire that I may
gain control;
For long ago, when Galilee so mightily was stirred,
The angry winds obeyed thy voice, the hungry bil-
lows heard.

Mine eyes grow dim, “and I am far from home”;
My goal but glimmers as a distant star;
Appears and disappears when clouds arise.
Clear thou my sky of doubts; refresh mine eyes,
That I may see more clearly as I roam;
Embalm my life with perfume from afar;
Strengthen my faith till with prayer’s golden chain
My soul is bound to thee, forever to remain.

Hold, hold my hand, for when thou ledest me
I am content; “I do not ask to see”
Nor understand the mysteries that hover round thy
throne,—
Incomprehensible to angel mind,—
Nor question thy unbounded love when death has
claimed his own;
Nor wonder why life’s pleasant paths thus suddenly
should part,
Leaving thorns to rankle when joy had ruled the
heart;
But round the thorns see leaves of love entwined.
And, if thou ledest me, it matters not the day
That thou shalt disinherit this fragile house of clay.

TO-MORROW

If you hear the Macedonian call
 Apply the balm to-day.
If you can heal some broken heart
 Apply the balm today.
Who works to-day will labor well;
To-morrow's sign-board points to hell.

To-morrow is a phantom lake
 Upon the desert wild,
The thirsty pilgrim follows it,
 And finds himself beguiled.
To-morrow is the choicest scrap
With which the devil baits his trap.

To-morrow is a fearful curve
 That round a deep gorge trails,
Where mighty engines rock and swerve
 And tumble from the rails.
O dark abyss! O jaws of hell,
With burning thirst unquenchable!

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Upon a clear and tranquil night,
I saw two rockets take their flight,
And, when they started through the air,
No eye could choose between the pair.

One from its course began to swerve
And made a gyroscopic curve;
It came to earth, with rapid pass,
And hid its glory in the grass.

The other one climbed high and higher,
With dauntless zeal and heart of fire,
And when its early strength was gone,
Unconquered still, toiled nobly on.

And when it reached its pinnacle,
The spirit burst the fragile shell;
Then on the screen such glory blazed
That moon and stars drew back amazed.

Two brothers journeyed through the earth,
Two brothers of an equal birth,
Of equal rank, equal degree,
And equal opportunity.

One soon forsook the narrow path
And filled his bins with wheaten chaff;
The zenith of his wayward ways—
His highest goal—was mortal praise.

In gleaming sand he put his trust,
Ignobly let his talent rust,
Till winter winds, in rapid flight,
Snuffed out the fire; O bitter night!

The other seldom had a thought
Of worldly fame, so dearly bought ;
His life was such that where he came
The little children lisped his name.

His life flowed on as tranquilly
As wavelets of the mighty sea
The Prince of Peace had pacified ;
In his great heart all turmoil died.

And when his life was nearly spent,
His eyesight dim, his body bent,
He still bore blessing where he went,
And labored on in sweet content.

And when his spirit burst the shell
And left the clay insensible,
Immortal light more brightly shone
Around the everlasting throne.

“ JUST AS I AM ”

“Just as I am”, I uttered years ago,
“Just as I am”, I still to thee must say;
I have no other plea, “thy love unknown”
Still keeps me in the straight and narrow way.

As a mirage the light of life recedes;
The fruit is ripe, ripe are the fields of grain.
I stand to-day upon the ocean strand;
My ship is straining at the cable chain.

I hear the restless billows calling me,
As when the soldier hears the battle drum;
The sea is full, my sails are full, and I
Must not delay; “O Lamb of God, I come.”

Blow, balmy breeze, through boundless boulevards,
Sail on, my gallant ship, through storms and calms;
Sail swiftly on, till I am anchored safe
Beyond the stars, beneath celestial palms.

I KNOW

Though dust war on with dust,
Though fragile mortal cannot solve
The mysteries that oft evolve,
I know that God is just.

Though wrapped in solitude,
Though sorrow, with its shadows, bars
My vision of life's brightest stars,
I know that God is good.

“IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ”

As frost upon the autumn leaf
So angry words may leave their trace,
May flood the broken heart with grief,
Or blight the roses of the face.

An arrow from the lips to-day
Some soul from earthly joy may sever,
A shadow cast in someone's way
May close the pearly gates forever.

TRANSIENT PLEASURE

Life's pleasure is a fickle thing:
On fancy's endless wreck-strown strand,
Where hopes are shattered day by day,
It builds frost castles on the sand,
 Frail castles of decay!
For seldom does it come to stay;
But, like an arrow on the wing,
Within the heart it leaves a sting,
And, like a snowflake in the hand,
 It vanishes away.

Joy is a phantom, wondrous to behold;
It never frowns, its smiles are manifold,
 With hopes, its path is strown;
But as the leaf of autumn, when the storms of winter break,
Or as the matchless splendor of a crisp and dewy dawn,
Alas, too soon 'tis gone—forever gone—
Leaving nought but teardrops in its wake,
 Where night winds sigh and moan.

ASHAMED OF JESUS

Ashamed of Jesus! can it be?—
Without whom nought of worth we win
While life's swift wavelets roll;
Who suffered death on Calvary,
 To free the fettered soul,
But over death gained victory
 And burst the bands of sin?

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

On this happy day I'm thinking,
As the bells of Christmas ring,
Of a star of matchless splendor,
Rising o'er an Infant King:
Herald angels came from glory,
Bidding angry tongues be still,
"Hark! ye nations, wrapped in bloodshed,
Peace on earth, to men, good will."

Many hundred years have circled
Since the day that Christ was born,—
Years of joy and years of sadness,
Since that happy Christmas morn.
'Neath the holly and the cypress
Grief has lost its pangs to-day,
For I'm thinking of that Christ-Child,
Long ago and far away.

Stars have graced the midnight heavens,
But to-day no light they shed;
Fires have flickered in all ages,
Now their embers all are dead.
But one bright star still is shining,
Bringing sin-bound souls release,
It is Christ, our great Commander,
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.

A TRUE HERO

An engineer is driving through
The mist and fog of night,
When, suddenly, there comes in view
A bright red danger light.

Ahead of him the bridge is gone,
Behind, five hundred souls,
The train is rushing madly on
To where the water rolls.

The driver, fearless, takes his stand;
To stop, there is not room,
He grasps the throttle in his hand
And dashes to his doom.

Brave hero, who did little dream
About an early grave,
You threw your life into the stream
Five hundred souls to save!

A storm is raging on the deep;
The heavy billows roar;
The mad, resistless tempests sweep
The waves upon the shore.

The thunders roll, the lightnings flash,
The heavens downward pour;
The still unyielding, wild waves dash
Upon the rugged shore.

Amid these scenes of awful strife
A vessel, to and fro,
Is rocked, still clinging fast to life,
Not knowing where to go.

It mounts the huge storm-driven wave
And plows the foaming crest,
Unto the raving deep a slave
Without a moment's rest.

While fear and horror reign supreme,
So dreadful, dark and dire,
Above the storm is heard a scream,
"The vessel is on fire."

The hungry flames leap round the masts,
Emitting fervent heat,
They sever, with their fiery blasts,
The helmsman's last retreat.

The hero stands right at his post ;
With clear and steady head
He guides the vessel to the coast,
But he, himself, falls dead.

All of this class are heroes bold,
Pass not their deeds from sight,
Write their names with glittering gold
Upon the marble white.

But the greatest hero ever born
Is he who, day and night,
Resists the storm of scoffs and scorn
And dares to do the right.

He never boasts of slaughtered hosts
Upon the battle field ;
He may not fight in cannon light
Nor carry sword or shield.

He may not buy a castle high ,
Beautiful as the sun,
Glittering bright from morning light
Until the day is done.

He may not own a kingly throne,
Nor own a kingly crown ;
He may not hold a scepter old
And send the laws around.

He may far go where north winds blow
And ice-bergs fill the sea ;
Where nothing green is to be seen,—
No plant or shrub or tree.

He may thus go and no one know
The spirit that would dare,
The blinding snow may lay him low,
And no one seem to care.

O cold, cold earth, lost in your mirth
And giddy thought to-day,
Why do you frown on real renown
And throw real deeds away?

No flags will fly in crystal sky
From pinnacle or dome,
Nor rockets glare through midnight air,
To bid him welcome home.

But what's world renown that soon is lost,
That soon shall fade away
Like roses from the withering frost
On an autumnal day.

Like the lightning's vivid flash,
Or the meteor's rapid flight,
That for the time our minds abash;
And then again 'tis night!

Like a bubble on the sea
Out where the waters rave,—
A brilliant gem it seems to be
Till shattered by the wave.

Yes, earthly glory soon shall fade
And wither from our sight,
And all that beauty ever made
Be lost in endless night.

Where will your riches be, O kings,
When solemn death bells toll?
For wealth of kings no nearer brings
One to the greatest goal.

No fragrant flowers, pure and serene,
May watch our hero die,
Nor winds moan through the evergreen
To sadly say, "Good-bye."

Perhaps no plumaged hearse then comes
To bear him through the street
Amid the mourning throng, while drums
Roll out their music sweet.

Perhaps no flags will then be made
To flaunt along the way,
Nor wreaths of green be o'er him laid
On Decoration Day.

No marble monument may stand,
Like a stately sycamore,
And rear its head, sublime and grand:
Or if he's far from shore,

Though angry storms may rage above,
And billows o'er him foam,
His spirit, like a snow-white dove,
Shall reach a peaceful home:

Though weeping-willows stand not by
To guard his lonely grave,
His spirit still shall live on high,—
"The bravest of the brave."

MR. WHAT'S HIS NAME

There once lived a man whose name I forget,
But at present we'll just call him Jones;
I believe, by the way, he is still living yet,
And you'll know him I'm sure by his moans;
He carried his faith in an ill-fitting suit
That buried a bundle of bones.

And when he had donned this wonderful suit,
A holier guy was ne'er classed;
He would pluck up the thistles of sin by the root
Till the devil would shake at the blast
Of the breath of the sharp-pointed arrows he'd
shoot
At the forces of evil he passed.

Throughout the six days he would say to his wife,
"Move around, lazy bones, if you please,"
But on Sunday would say, "My treasure of life,
Don't you hear the birds sing in the trees?
How free are their dear little hearts from all strife
As their song floats along on the breeze."

Throughout the six days he would swear like a
streak,
And the plea of the needy would scorn,
He would turn out his pigs from the hill to the
creek,
Regardless of glances forlorn,
And all through the week they would play hide and
seek
In the shade of his dear neighbor's corn.

But when the six days of labor had sped
And Sunday had rolled round again,

He hitched up his horses and churchward he sped,
As sedate as an old "setting hen;"
There the singing he led till his face was all red,
And he led when they shouted "amen."

As the hat made its regular circuit one day
A penny he dropped with a sigh,
Then sat in his chair with a sanctified air
And said, "I am fit for the sky;
The Lord loves a liberal giver, they say,
And a liberal giver am I."

But one day the preacher dished up something tart
That stuck when it entered his craw,
With an oath on his breath and a dart in his heart
He proceeded to lay down the law:
Thereafter, no one ever saw him take part,
And his pocketbook died of lock jaw.

A CERTAIN CURE

If you've borne a heavy burden,
Mile on mile,
You can lighten it a little
With a smile.
Would you rest your weary feet
E'er your journey is complete?
Then just keep your temper sweet
All the while.

Are the hills you have to climb
Steep and drear?
Have you sought the end or grief,
Year by year?
Have you searched the earth in vain
For an antidote for pain,
And have simply found the stain
Of a tear?

If you leave a little sunshine
Where you call,
Tears will not seem so bitter
When they fall.
If you help to heal the smart
Of an aching, breaking heart,
Life will not seem so tart,
After all.

As your ever straining eyes
Seek the goal,
Though the waves of discontent
Surge and roll,
You can help to right the wrong,
You can help the world along,
If you keep a little song
In your soul.

Do you seem completely baffled
When you try?
'Tis of little use to worry
Or to sigh.
If, to fill some heart with pleasure,
You have spent life's dearest treasure,
'Twill return in boundless measure,
Bye and bye.

ABIDING HOPE

I've heard it told, in times of old
To satisfy their thirst for gold,
Some Spaniards left their native land
In search of cities, rich and grand.

On, on, they marched o'er barren sod
Where civilized had never trod,
With aching feet, mile after mile,
In hope of plunder, afterwhile.

But when the Spaniards nearer drew
To where their eyes could scan the view,
They found the glory and the gold
Had lived alone in fables old.

They looked for fields of golden grain,
They found, instead, a barren plain;
For steeples high and glittering domes,
They found, instead, rude savage homes.

Ah, thus in life, year after year,
We seek the smile, evade the tear,
The sparkling eyes, we love to see,
Forgetful, oft, of fate's decree.

An earthly land where sunshine lies,
Where joy lives on, and sorrow dies,
Where seldom comes a thought of gloom
Or sullen stream or barren tomb!

A few whose visions reach afar
Have caught a picture more sublime,
Beyond the surging waves of time,
Beyond the range of sun and star.

These few have read, and do believe,
And daily live, that rule of His,—
That golden rule—more blessed 'tis
To give a thing than to receive.

But, sometimes, these, within the haze,
Like autumn leaves, are tossed about,
Are given more or less to doubt
And wonder if it really pays.

Live on in hope, the sky is blue;
The snares of sin cannot impart
A balm to heal the broken heart;
The ways of God alone are true!

The problems that to-day are hard
May leave to-morrow's sun unscarred;
You cannot measure all the way
By stumbling-blocks of yesterday!

Now some, in search of something grand
To satisfy the human side,
Have voyaged on the ocean wide
And anchored on a foreign strand.

And some have fought in battle light
To win a name of great renown:
But death stole in, and snatched the crown,
And tinged the brow with snowy white!

And some, delusions strange to please,
Have left the land where flowers grow
To wrestle with the ice and snow;
And left their bones in frozen seas!

And some, to win a title great,
Have horded worldly wealth untold;
But glory vanished from the gold,
And left the heart all desolate!

The saddest disappointment lies
Beneath earth's brightest promises,
And pleasure's phantom, sought in vain,
Is like the flash before the rain.

Our lives at best are fragile things,
Our years go by on eagles' wings,
We fain would stop their flight, but never,
A whirring sound, and gone forever.

Then let us walk these shifting sands
Along the lines of His commands,
Who promises a fadeless prize
Among the flowers of paradise.

PERSEVERANCE

Down deep beneath the winter storms
The springtime flower dwells;
But can you scrape the snow aside
And see its modest bells?

Beneath the mountain's rugged soil
Rare jewels lie encased;
But only after patient toil
Can they in sight be placed.

Far out across the realms of night
The gates of jasper are;
But have you caught a glimpse of light
Beyond the evening star?

Now he who toils, and only he,
Shall reap this great reward;
And in eternity shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Then murmur not at earthly loss,
Nor lay your burden down,
For he who faints beneath the cross
Shall never wear the crown.

TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What matter the intrinsic worth
In presents that we bring?
If friendship is the craven prize,
If 'tis for love the spirit sighs,
Do rarest gems of Kimberly
Amount to anything?
Can gold of Ophir satisfy,
Or soften sorrow's sting?

Then let this Yuletide season be
A time of joyous jubilee
When earthly care shall cease;
A happy living time,
A sweet forgiving time;
When righteousness shall overthrow
Sin's realms, and bring release,
And aching, breaking hearts shall know
The balm of perfect peace.

PROSCRASTINATION

The One who back in days of yore
Could purify from sin
Stands now behind the bolted door,
And begs to enter in.

Go, Spirit, now, but come again,
I cannot heed to-day;
To-day thy pleading is in vain:
Go, Spirit, go thy way.

The sun that blights the autumn rose
Has kissed the flowers of May,
The sun that melts the winter snows
Will bake the summer clay.

Just so, the word of God, oft spurned,
To soon may cease to speak,
And leave the soul that might have turned
Most desolate and bleak.

To-day you have the power of choice,
That power may depart;
To-day, if ye will hear His voice,
Oh, harden not your heart.

WHAT HAST THOU IN WHICH TO GLORY?

Hast thou longed for gold and silver
At thy feet in mountains laid?
Or for wisdom even greater
Than King Solomon displayed?

Hast thou dreamed of worldly power,—
Multitudes adoring thee?
All these things shall quickly vanish
Like the bubbles of the sea.

For I deem that no ambition
Is of real and lasting worth
That is born of other motive
Than the betterment of earth.

Can thy gold and silver save thee
From the course that others go,
When the evening shadows gather,
When the tide is ebbing low?

Are thy garments free from canker
And the mildew of the grave?
Hast thou seen the stars created?
Is eternity thy slave?

Can thy gilded dream of power
Give thy spirit peace at last,
When thy dust has gone to mingle
With the dust of ages past?

What hast thou in which to glory,
Since thy life is but a span?
What hast thou in which to glory,
O thou vain and foolish man?

THE SKEPTIC

Within this mighty universe
So many things we find,
Transpiring at our very doors,
That baffle mortal mind.

And yet the skeptic stands aloof
And calls this life the end;
He says there is no God, because
He cannot comprehend.

He sees the little flower bell,
So free from earthly stain,—
So willingly it grows, and well,—
Yet sages can't explain.

His vision sweeps the starry deeps,
Innumerable vast,
Where faithful sentinels have stood
While centuries have passed.

When winter holds the landscape bound,
His wild winds shriek and moan,
And rustling leaf and grass blade live
In memory alone.

The South Wind claps her hands in glee
When old Æolus dies:
"O sleeping Earth, you now are free,
O slumb'ring Earth, arise."

Garbed in her dainty bridal dress,
Earth hastens to respond;
She gives the hills a fond caress,
And when she waves her wand

The very heart of nature glows,
The carpet changes hue;
The leaf, the bud, the full blown rose,
The diamonds of the dew,

Are seen in every grassy spot,
The feathered flock arise
From incense-laden orchard lands
And breast the sunny skies.

All day the little songsters send
Abroad their joyous lays,
Until the evening shadows blend
Into the gathering haze.

The night comes on; with weary wing
It drifts upon the breeze,
And dreamy evening zephyrs sing
To moonlit forest trees.

The skeptic sees these mysteries
Ignoring man's command,
And yet rejects supernal things
He cannot understand.

Though unsolved mysteries may take
Our feeble thoughts away,
Another morn will surely break
Beyond the silent clay!

Ah, yes, the resurrection morn,
With ages just begun,
When he shall hear, who would not scorn
The way of life, "Well done,"

IS YOUR LIFE A BLANK?

If, in some corner here below
Where desert winds are wont to blow,
Your skill can make a flower grow,
Your life is not a blank.

If you can make hope's candle beam
In eyes where tears are wont to gleam,
Or make some burden lighter seem,
Your life is not a blank.

If you, with thoughts alone to bless,
With loving word, or fond caress,
Can take away some bitterness,
Your life is not a blank.

With hands more gentle than the rain,
If you can equalize again
The brow that throbs with grief or pain,
Your life is not a blank.

In short, if you, while on you ride
Upon the dark and foaming tide,
Where hungry breakers seethe and roar,
Where currents sweep the river bank,
Can make one boat more smoothly glide;
Or, on that river, deep and wide,
When all is dark upon the shore,
Can turn it from the rocks aside,
Your life is not a blank.

SWEET CHRISTMAS TIME

A voice from out the starry sky,
Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells;
The happy day is drawing nigh,
Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells;
When cares of day have taken wing,
When evening silence reigns as king,
Then merrily the bells do ring,
Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells.

The frost may fall and fall in vain,
Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells;
The wind may sweep the northern plain,
Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells;
Though midnight skies be overcast,
The snow-drifts deep, and cold the blast,
They'll ring this year the same as last,
Christmas bells, sweet Christmas bells.

There comes a story, pure as gold,
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time;
It leaps from steeples, gray and old,
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time;
When comes this day of festive mirth,
There's joy in heaven, peace on earth;
We celebrate Redemption's birth
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time.

The sword is sheathed, once red with blood,
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time;
For vengeance withers in the bud
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time;
The desert blossoms as the rose,
Fair flowers bloom neath winter snows,
For every heart with rapture glows
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time.

Within this mighty universe,
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time,
Let men forget the crimson curse,
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time.
Though hostile battle flags be furled,
Though shot and shell be madly hurled,
Let arbitration rule the world,
At Christmas time, sweet Christmas time.

OCT 31 1912

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 015 905 978 9

